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The Reindeer.

**T**HE reindeer is a native of the polar regions of both continents, and presents another of the many forcible examples of the inseparable connection of animals with the wants of human society, and of the goodness of God in providing for his creatures.

VOL. XIII.

3

The reindeer has been domesticated by the Laplanders from the earliest ages, and has alone rendered the dreary region in which this portion of mankind abides at all supportable. The civilization of those extreme northern regions entirely depends upon the reindeer. The trav-

eller from Sweden or Norway may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle ; but, when he enters Finmark, he cannot stir without the reindeer. The reindeer alone connects two extremities of a kingdom, and causes knowledge and civilization to be extended over countries which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all other communication with the rest of mankind.

As camels are the chief possession of an Arab, so the reindeer comprise all the wealth of a Laplander. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred ; with these a Laplander can do well and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption ; and, during the winter season, can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With two hundred deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious, as he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment.

As the winter approaches, the coat of the reindeer begins to thicken in the most remarkable manner, and assumes that lighter color which is the great peculiarity of polar quadrupeds. During the summer, the animal pastures upon the green herbage, and browses upon the shrubs which he finds in his march ; but in winter his sole food is the lichen or moss, which he instinctively discovers under the snow.

Harnessed to a sledge, the reindeer

will draw about three hundred pounds, though the Laplanders generally limit the burden to two hundred and forty pounds. The trot of the reindeer is about ten miles an hour, and their power of endurance is such, that journeys of one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours are not uncommon. There is a portrait of a reindeer in one of the palaces of Sweden, which is said to have drawn, upon an occasion of emergency, an officer, with important despatches, the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours.

Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited the northern parts of Lapland, in 1769, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, started three reindeer in light sledges for a short distance, which he actually measured in order to know their speed, and the following was the result : The first deer performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet in two minutes, being at the rate of nearly nineteen miles in an hour ; the second did the same in three minutes ; and the third in three minutes and twenty-six seconds. The ground chosen for the race was nearly level.

The reindeer requires considerable training to prepare him for drawing the sledge. Though ordinarily very docile, and easily broken, still instances occur in which the animal, through bad management, turns round, becomes furious, and rids himself of his burden. Yet generally he toils patiently on, hour after hour, without any refreshment : while his master takes an occasional sip of brandy, the deer is content with a mouthful of snow, which he snatches from the ear as he passes along.

## Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

### CHAPTER VII.

[Continued from p. 29.]

"I HAVE already had occasion, I think," said Mr. Ross, "to mention a substance, which the bees employ in their architecture, differing from wax. It is called *propolis*, from two Greek words, meaning *before the city*, as the substance is principally used on what may be called the walls of the hive.

"Before the building of the combs is commenced by a new swarm, this *propolis* is collected, and with it every chink and cranny in the place where they mean to build is carefully stopped up. It is a kind of glue, or resinous substance, which is collected from the poplar, the birch, the willow, and other trees. It is the *plaster* for the habitation.

"But besides this use, it is sometimes applied to another equally important purpose. Reaumur, a celebrated writer on bees, relates that one day a snail made its entrance into a hive. The intruder was no sooner perceived, than he was attacked on all sides, and stung to death. A difficulty now occurred. Repeated efforts were made to drag his snailship from the premises, but it was all in vain. Whether a consultation was held on the subject, as to the disposal of the noxious carcass, could not be ascertained. But, at length, they determined to environ him, by covering every part of its body with *propolis*, through which no effluvia could escape. In another case mentioned, on the first sting of a bee, the snail retired within its shell. Here he was buried alive. The bees instantly commenced

pastng over the door of his habitation, which they so well closed that the poor fellow could come no more out, nor even enjoy life within."

"That was a hard fate, I should think," said James.

"People should learn to keep out of other folk's territories," said Edward.

"The bees might have known," said James, "that a poor snail would not have hurt them; and they might, at least, have asked him what his errand was."

"Why, James," said Charles, "if you were a drone, as a little while since you wished you was, you would have taken him for an ambassador from some foreign court."

"I would, at least, have given him a little honey."

"That you could afford to do," said Charles, "since other bees made it."

"Bees," said Mr. Ross, "are very much like the Chinese; no stranger may enter their imperial city. All are foes who do not belong to their fraternity.

"Matters being thus prepared, the process of comb-making commences. I shall not attempt to explain all the steps of this process, for I am not certain that I could make it quite clear to you. I would rather direct your attention to some facts about the comb, than to attempt a description of the manner in which it is constructed.

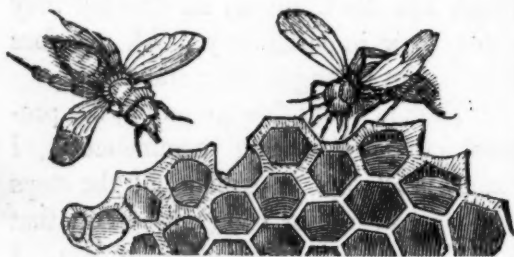
"The bees commence their comb at the top or arch of the hive, and work downwards. The edges of the combs are always found toward the front of the hive."

"Why is that, father?" inquired Catharine?

"The access to them," said Mr. Ross,

"is in consequence more direct; and to facilitate their access to different parts of the comb, passages are left which resemble the streets or alleys of a city. The streets of comb are always parallel to one another, and always one third of an inch distant from one another. Within the intervals or spaces the bees lodge, and generate sufficient heat to keep themselves warm, and their brood.

"The structure of the comb cells has ever excited the admiration of mankind. The form of the cells is six-sided. Hence no room is lost, and hence more strength is imparted, each serving to fortify that which it joins. The circumference of one makes a part of the circumference of another, while the angles made by one cell always fall in the middle or centre of the cell opposite. Here is the representation of part of a honey-comb and bees at work.



"When bees begin to build the comb, they divide themselves into bands, one of which produces materials for the structure; another, taking these, begins the work; while a third brings provision to the laborers. When a laborer becomes hungry, he bends his trunk before the one who is appointed to supply him; upon which the latter opens his honey-bag, and pours forth its rich contents to the former.

"The new comb is of a dull white

color, but, in a few days after being finished, it becomes tinged with yellow, particularly on the interior surface. At first, it breaks on the slightest touch, but acquires strength and consistency the older it grows.

"An average swarm of bees construct their comb with great despatch. Four thousand cells have been known to be finished in six days, by a swarm consisting of less than six thousand bees. A swarm of thirty thousand bees would probably finish three thousand cells in twenty-four hours. These cells vary as to dimensions, according as they are to be occupied by different classes of bees. Whenever a number of cells are finished, the queen bee commences laying her eggs; and, wonderful to tell, deposits eggs within the cells corresponding to their dimensions, and of course to the kind of bees to be produced. This she does without mistake.

"When, at length, the young bees are hatched, the nurse bees cleanse the cells, and plaster them over, by which means they are fitted for the reception of honey."

"Father," said Charles, "it has ever been a wonder to me by what means bees are able to fill their cells quite full of honey, and yet prevent it from escaping."

"I am unable satisfactorily to account for it," said Mr. Ross; "nor did I ever read any explanation, which was decisive on the question. Possibly, it is in part retained by its own tenacity, and from its tendency to adhere to the sides of a tube of such small dimensions.

"Our next topic," said Mr. Ross, "relates to a movement of the bees, which is generally quite an interesting occurrence,



and which, you well know, puts the whole family, for the time being, in some commotion; I mean *swarming*."

"O, yes," said Susan; "I always love to see the bees swarm."

"Well, I don't," said John, who happened to be up this evening later than usual; "I don't care whether I ever see another bee."

"Why, Johnny," said Susan; "you haven't forgot the bee-sting, yet."

"No, that I haven't, and I guess I shan't very soon."

"Well, Johnny," said Edward, "you'll get to be a man in a hundred years, if you live so long; and by that time, perhaps, you will be a match for one poor little bee."

"I guess Goliath would have cried, if a bee had stung him as bad as it did me," said John.

"Pray, Johnny," said Catharine, "do let Jenny put you to bed, and you will soon forget all your troubles."

"I'm afraid I shall *dream* about one's stinging me."

"Now, Johnny," said James, "I'll tell you what; you may take my long-lashed whip to bed, and should one make its appearance, whip him well, — but do not take me for a bee, when I come to bed, and lay it upon my shoulders."

"Good night, my son," said Mr. Ross. [Exit John.]

Mr. Ross now resumed. "For two or three nights previous to the departure of a swarm, a singular humming sound is heard in the hive. The sounds, which are sharp and clear, proceed, probably,

from the queen. It is called *tolling*, or *calling*. Some have likened it to the *toot* of a child's penny trumpet. It is supposed to be the note of warning or preparation.

"On the morning on which the swarm is to leave the hive, which, by the by, must be warm and sunny, unusual silence prevails in the hive; few bees appear abroad; they are supposed to be engaged in eating a hearty meal, and laying in a cargo of honey, as a provision for bad weather, previous to their departure. At length, all things being ready, the old queen, as I told you, makes her exit, and is followed by her subjects, who rush forth in a manner most tumultuous — without order, but in one continued stream, whirling, buzzing — rising and flying in every direction.

"Here is the picture of such a scene."



"Father," said Edward, "I have often seen bees swarm, but never witnessed one thing represented in the picture."

"I presume not, my son," said Mr. Ross; "I have sketched the picture to represent old times. Indeed, I presume, in some parts of the country, it is even

now practised; that, on the occurrence of a swarm, every man, woman, and child belonging to the house, seizes what they are able in the moment of excitement—I mean, what will sound loudly, and the louder the better; and forth they go, like an army of assailants, one with a warming-pan, another with a brass kettle, perhaps a third with a sheep-bell, and may be a fourth with a gridiron, and some with a pestle, and others with tongs, may be a broken andiron, warm from the ashes: each commences pounding upon his drum, and all this for the purpose of making the bees settle.”

“That is quite new to me,” said Catharine: “you never practised so, father.”

“No, my child, for there is no evidence that it contributes to effect the object at all.”

“I should rather think,” said Charles, “that such a mingled din would tend to hasten their retreat.”

“But if they are incapable of hearing, the din would have no effect at all.”

“Bees probably do hear,” said Mr. Ross, “although the experiments on this point are not as satisfactory as on some others. In this way I intended to be understood. A far more successful expedient to be resorted to, if a swarm be inclined to escape, is to cast dirt upon the leaders of the swarm, which will generally alter their direction, and serves so to confuse them, as to insure their speedy settlement.

“It is not quite certain whether the queen bee alights first. In some cases, probably, she does, but often it is thought she waits till a number of bees are formed and clustered, before she joins them. But no sooner does she plant her foot

upon the branch, than every subject wheels, and, as if actuated by a single impulse, directs his course towards her.”

“But, how,” said Edward, “are they able to distinguish her?”

“And yet,” said Mr. Ross, “an army of ten thousand men would be able to distinguish their *general*.”

“Why, for a good reason,—they could see him.”

“And in the same way bees, doubtless, are able to distinguish their queen,—they see her. Her movements are slower, more comporting with royal dignity, than the evolutions of her attending courtiers. A few minutes serve to bring the whole company together, who, clinging to one another, hang as you see represented in the following picture.



“At times, however, the swarm suddenly rises high in the air. This is an indication that they are bent on some distant home. In such cases, it is difficult to detain them, often quite impossible. Having reached an elevation, which shall secure them from obstacles, they direct their course, always pursuing a straight line, to the place of their destination. They fly about as fast as a man can well

run. In their secluded retreat, they are often discovered by bee-hunters, and are sometimes traced by their original owners, by pursuing the line of their direction.

"When a swarm has once alighted, it is generally not difficult to hive them. At times, they will continue on the branch for several hours, especially if a change of weather suddenly ensues. And it has been stated, that, whether they continue for a longer or a shorter time, they commence making comb on the tree.

"The manner of hiving is quite simple, and yet somewhat various. In some cases, the branch on which they have alighted is sawed in twain, and carefully placed upon a table, over which the hive is stationed, and there left to be occupied by the bees. A still easier and more expeditious mode is to invert the hive, and, placing it directly under the swarm, to dislodge them by a sudden and vigorous shake of the branch. They will generally fall in a cluster to the bottom of the hive, and, before they have time to rise, the hive may be turned to its proper position, and placed upon the table.

"I once knew a gentleman, who had a swarm light on the topmost branch of a large and high apple-tree, whence it was quite impossible to take them by any of the usual methods. The expedient he adopted was quite amusing, and proved entirely successful. Taking a large milk-pail, he ascended to the swarm, with the aid of a long ladder, and shook the bees into it, immediately covering the top, in the absence of a cover, with a cloth, and in this manner he quite deliberately conveyed the swarm to the ground, and as deliberately turned them, like so much water, into the hive. The few bees,

which remained on the branch, soon joined their more earthly companions, and the company, though somewhat rudely treated, concluded to occupy their habitation in peace."

"Father, don't you rub the inside of the hive with some mixture, before hiving the bees?" inquired Edward.

"Frequently, yet it is doubtful whether it subserves any useful purpose. The materials commonly employed are aromatic herbs, or a solution of salt and water; yet a sprinkling of milk and molasses would probably be more acceptable to them. All, however, which bees require, is a clean, dry hive, free from mustiness, and of a proper size.

"Although bees are less disposed to sting during their swarming, than at any other period, persons hiving them should always be provided with such a dress as will secure them from their stings. If they become enraged, the safest course is, either to stand in one position, or moderately to walk away from them.

"I recollect a very interesting story, recorded by Shorley, which I will relate to you.

"One of my swarms,' says he, 'settled among the close-twisted branches of an apple-tree, and, not to be got into a hive without help, my maid-servant, being in the garden, offered her assistance to hold the hive, while I dislodged the bees.

"Having never been acquainted with bees, she put a linen cloth over her head and shoulders, to guard and secure her from their swords. A few of the bees fell into the hive, some upon the ground, but the main body upon the cloth, which covered her upper garments. I took the hive out of her hands, when she cried out

the bees were got under the covering, and crowding up towards her breast and face, which put her in a trembling posture.

"When I saw the veil was of no further service, she gave me leave to remove it; this done, a most affecting spectacle presented itself to the view of all the company, filling me with the deepest distress and concern, as I thought myself the unhappy instrument of drawing her into so imminent hazard of her life. Had she enraged them, all resistance would have been vain, and nothing less than her life would have atoned for the offence. I spared not to use all the arguments I could think of, and, using the most affectionate entreaties, begged her, with all the earnestness in my power, to stand her ground, and keep her present posture; in order to which, I gave her encouragement to hope for a full discharge from her disagreeable companions.

"I began my search among them for the queen, now got in a great body upon her breast, about her neck, and up to her chin. I immediately seized her, taking her from among the crowd, with some of the common ones along with her, and put them together in the hive. Here I watched her for some time, and as I did not observe that she came out, I conceived an expectation of seeing the whole body quietly abandon their settlement; but, instead of that, I soon observed them gathering closer together, without the least signal for departing. Upon this, I immediately reflected, that either there must be another sovereign, or that the same was returned.

"I directly commenced a second search, and in a short time, with a most agreeable surprise, found a second, or

the same. She strove, by entering further into the crowd, to escape me; but I re-conducted her, with a great number of the populace, into the hive.

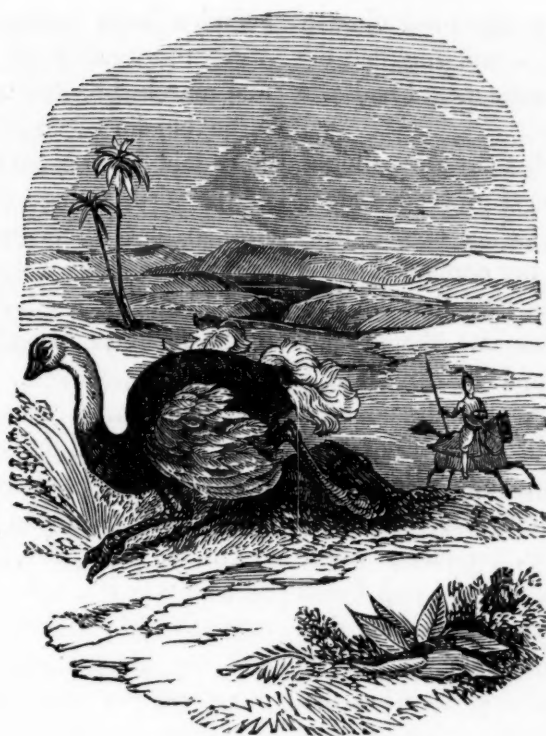
"And now the melancholy scene began to change to one infinitely more agreeable and pleasant. The bees, missing their queen, began to dislodge and repair to the hive, crowding into it in multitudes, and in the greatest hurry imaginable; and in the space of two or three minutes the maid had not one single bee about her, neither had she so much as one sting, a small number of which would have quickly stopped her breath."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Child's Monitor.

THE wind blows down the largest tree,  
And yet the wind I cannot see.  
Playmates far off, that have been kind,  
My thought can bring before my mind.  
The past by it is present brought,  
And yet I cannot see my thought.  
The charming rose perfumes the air,  
Yet I can see no perfumes there.  
Blithe Robin's notes—how sweet, how clear!  
From his small bill they reach my ear;  
And whilst upon the air they float,  
I hear, yet cannot see a note.  
When I would do what is forbid,  
By something in my heart I'm chid;  
When good I think, then, quick and pat,  
That something says, "My child, do that."  
When I too near the stream would go,  
So pleased to see the waters flow,  
That something says, without a sound,  
"Take care, dear child, you may be drowned."  
And for the poor whene'er I grieve,  
That something says, "A penny give."  
Thus spirits good and ill there be,  
Although invisible to me;  
Whate'er I do, they see me still,  
But O, good spirits, guide my will.





### The Ostrich.

**T**HE ostrich flees; her scattered eggs are found,  
Without an owner, on the sandy ground:  
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,  
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:

Unmindful she that some unhappy tread  
May crush her young in their neglected bed,  
Along the wilderness she skims with speed,  
And scorns the rider and pursuing steed.

*Young.*

## Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 14.]

### CHAPTER VII.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all the trouble I had given them in this pursuit, my guards did not offer me the slightest insult, or make a display of any vindictive or petulant feeling. On the contrary, when they observed that I walked with difficulty, owing to the great fatigues which

I had undergone, two of them took me by the arms, and assisted me in ascending the steep paths, and passing over slippery spots. On reaching the village, I was carried into a house, where they gave me sakki, boiled rice, salted herrings, radishes, and finally, a cup of tea. In spite of the disappointment at finding myself once more in captivity, just at the mo-

ment when my escape appeared close at hand, I could not help confessing that this was the most comfortable meal I had ever swallowed.

I was strictly guarded during the night, and the next morning I proceeded along the shore, under a strong escort, back toward the place of my confinement. I was amused with observing that the Japanese had driven stakes into the ground, in every place marked by my tracks, during my wanderings over the country. It seems that they had constantly traced my footsteps, and frequently gained sight of me. They described to me afterwards, very accurately, the places where I had stopped to rest, where I had drank water, &c. It appears that they had many chances of capturing me, but refrained, at first, in the apprehension that I might make a desperate resistance, and kill some of their party. They thought it a wiser method to allow me to get well tired, by roaming up and down among the hills, hoping that fatigue, and the dread of starvation, would induce me to surrender without much reluctance.

When we passed through the villages, the inhabitants flocked in great crowds to see me. I must remark, to their honor, that not one of them treated me with any thing like derision or mockery. They all seemed to commiserate my condition, and some of the women even shed tears while they offered me food and drink. During the journey, when I complained of thirst, I was allowed to stop and drink at the first brook that was seen.

My night progress made a very brilliant show. It was extremely dark, and the whole escort carried lanterns. When there were steep hills to mount or de-

scend, a large number of country people were mustered from the nearest village, and marched before us. Each carried a large bundle of straw, and these bundles were laid down at all the dangerous parts of the road, and, on our approach, set on fire, so that we enjoyed, during a great part of the time, a light as bright as day. I could not help admiring the ingenuity of the Japanese in providing me with this running illumination. Had any foreigner viewed from a distance our nocturnal march, he would doubtless have supposed it the triumphal procession of some grandee or magistrate of high rank.

On the third day after my recapture, as we entered a little village, we met one of the chief officers, already mentioned, and my interpreter, accompanied by a detachment of imperial soldiers. We immediately halted. The officer said not a word, and manifested neither anger nor displeasure. The interpreter, however, reproached me for attempting to escape, and began to search me. I told him he might spare himself that trouble, since he would find nothing; upon which he replied, "I know very well that I shall find nothing upon you, but the Japanese laws require that you should be searched."

In this village, the officers and soldiers who had captured me put on their state uniforms, over which they threw cloaks, because it rained. The crowd of people was very great; all of them had umbrellas over their heads, so that they presented a most singular spectacle. My escort proceeded in the following manner. First two guides, bearing wooden staves; behind them nine soldiers, strutting along with their muskets shouldered. Next followed that formidable personage, myself,

well pinioned, and guarded on each side by soldiers. Behind me were nine other soldiers with muskets, marching in single file; and last of all came the officer who arrested me, on horseback. He wore a rich silken uniform, and looked down on the multitude, that lined both sides of the road, with all the pompous self-importance of a mighty conqueror, who had done doughty deeds in the battle-field.

At length we reached the town from which I had made my escape. Here I was carried to the hall of justice, to undergo an examination by the banjo. The reader will recollect my description of the tedious examinings and questionings which I had already experienced at the hands of this dignitary. Now I looked for a repetition of them in a worse shape than ever. However, when the magistrate appeared, no change was perceptible in his countenance; he maintained his accustomed cheerfulness, and expressed not the slightest displeasure at what had happened.

Having taken his seat, he inquired, in his usual benevolent manner, what had induced me to escape from prison. I replied, that I was tired of confinement, and saw no probability of being set at liberty, but feared that the Japanese designed to keep me in perpetual imprisonment. He next desired to be informed of every particular of my flight; at what hour, and in what manner, I left the prison; what course I had pursued, how far I proceeded each day, what articles and provisions I had carried along with me, and finally whether any of my guards had assisted in my escape, or whether I had made known my intentions to any Japanese whatever. I answered all these

questions by a faithful relation of the whole affair.

"How did you expect to get home to your own country?" asked the banjo. "I hoped," replied I, "to get on board a boat, in which I could sail to the Russian Kurile Islands in the north, or to the coast of Tartary in the west."

"It was a very foolish undertaking," said the banjo. "Do you not see that the whole coast is lined with populous villages, and that all the bays, harbors, and creeks, are constantly frequented by fishing-boats and other craft, so that there was no possibility of avoiding discovery?"

"My situation," I retorted, "was an excuse for any hazardous attempt. I saw no other means of getting home, and I resolved either to escape or to perish by land or by sea."

"Suppose you had succeeded; what would you have said of the Japanese, when you returned to Russia?"

"I would have told the whole story of my adventures, just as they happened, without concealing any thing. As to the people of Japan, I should have said, that they are not the barbarians that most nations of Christendom imagine them to be; although I do not understand, perfectly, their right to imprison a stranger, accidentally cast upon their shores."

"But do you know," added the banjo, "that, in case you had made your escape from the country, several of the officers who had you in charge would have been put to death?"

"No," I replied; "such a thought never occurred to me."

"Yet such is the fact," said the banjo, with a very serious air; "the laws of Japan require that, when a prisoner es-

capas, the officer who has him in custody shall answer for it with his life ; and these laws are rigorously enforced."

This announcement gave me great concern ; for I saw that I had exposed the lives of several innocent and perhaps very worthy men to great danger. I assured the banjo that I was totally ignorant of this peculiar regulation of the Japanese criminal code, and that, had I known it, nothing short of the prospect of immediate death would have induced me to break from my prison. I begged of him to make my apology to the individuals whose lives I had jeopardized.

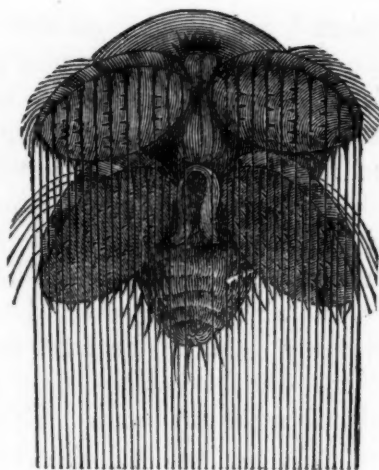
At the close of this examination, the banjo spoke as follows : " Had you been a native of Japan, and secretly escaped from your imprisonment, the consequence might have been fatal to you. But as you are a foreigner, and ignorant of the Japanese laws, and especially as you did not escape with a view to injure the people of this country, but for the sake of returning to your own home, which is a very natural desire, we feel no anger or resentment, but our good opinion of you remains unaltered."

This assurance gave me much comfort ; for, when I was retaken, I was under great apprehension that it would go hard with me ; never imagining that my keepers ran a greater risk of the loss of life than myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLITUDE is adapted to give a knowledge of character ; mixing with the world, to draw out or to modify character.

A GRAIN of musk will, it is said, scent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that period will have lost little of its weight.



### The Spider.

THE poet Dryden thus describes this insect : —

The treacherous spider, when her nets are spread,

Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,  
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if, at last, she finds him fast beset,  
She issues forth, and runs along her loom ;  
She joys to touch the captive in her net,  
And drags the little wretch in triumph home !

This is doubtless an accurate description of the operations of the spider ; and, if we were flies, we might call the creature that takes such pains and adopts such arts to catch us, *treacherous*. But, after all, it only follows its nature. Providence intended spiders to catch flies as much as bees to make honey. Indeed, it is wonderful to consider how nature has qualified the spider to do its work. We are told that its thread consists of several thousand strands, to make it strong. The preceding cut represents a magnified view of a spider's spinner, which may well excite our admiration.



## Birds of Passage.

**B**IRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing!  
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of  
spring?

—“We come from the shores of the green  
old Nile,  
From the land where the roses of Sharon  
smile;  
From the palms that wave through the In-  
dian sky,  
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

“We have swept o’er cities in song re-  
nowned,—

Silent they lie with the deserts round!  
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide  
hath rolled

All dark with the warrior-blood of old;  
And each worn wing hath regained its home,  
Under peasant’s roof-tree or monarch’s dome.”

And what have ye found in the monarch’s  
dome,

Since last ye traversed the blue sea’s foam?

—“We have found a change, we have found  
a pall,

And a gloom o’ershadowing the banquet’s  
hall,

And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops  
spilt,—

Nought looks the same, save the nest we  
built!”

O joyous birds, it hath still been so;

Through the halls of kings doth the tempest  
go!—

But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,  
And the hills o’er their quiet a vigil keep,—  
Say, what have ye found in the peasant’s cot,  
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—“A change we have found there—and  
many a change!

Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!  
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,  
And the young that were have a brow of  
care,

And the place is hushed where the children  
played—

Nought looks the same, save the nest we  
made!”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,  
Birds that o’ersweep it, in power and mirth!  
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,  
YE have a Guide, and shall we despair?  
YE over desert and deep have passed,—  
So may WE reach our bright home at last!

MRS. HEMANS.

## Story of Baptiste Lulli.

[Continued from p. 18.]

### CHAPTER II.

**T**HE night, quite dark, had now set in, and,  
by the light of blazing torches, Bap-  
tiste observed that the gay equipage  
was ready for immediate departure.  
The prince had got into his carriage, and  
the whole retinue of squires, pages, and  
grooms, only waited for the crack of the  
postilion’s whip to begin their journey;  
and Baptiste saw, with the alarm of an  
honest and artless mind, that one moment  
more, and the hope of restitution would  
vanish. What was to be done? what was  
to be done? Already the postilion be-  
strides the leader. The whip trembles  
in his nervous hand. One, two, three, the  
horsemen take their places—the carriage  
rolls on! It has yet gone but a step; a  
moment more, and it will have disappeared.  
Truly, great evils require great remedies.  
Baptiste hesitated no longer; he jumped  
upon the step of the carriage, clung fast  
to it, and, favored by the darkness, passed  
unperceived by the prince’s retinue. Be-  
hold him out of Florence; let us, my  
young readers, follow him on his way to  
Turin.

This movement of Baptiste's was made with so little reflection, that he felt at first only the pleasure of being carried at full gallop by six good horses; but fear soon succeeded to pleasure. Seated upon the step, clinging by both hands to the gilt pieces of wood, which served to protect the footmen and hinder them from falling to either side, the jolting of the carriage threatened every moment to dash him to the ground. All he could do — indeed, the only thing of which the risk he ran permitted him to think of — was to hold himself firmly on the perilous post which he had chosen; and the constant watchfulness necessary, kept sleep from his eyelids.

Yet — for custom reconciles us to every thing, even constant danger — when he saw that, notwithstanding his fear, he did not fall, and that, when the first dizziness had passed away, his post was tenable enough, Baptiste's thoughts began to turn to what he had left at Florence, and his heart heaved and his tears flowed. And yet it was not a tender and indulgent mother; it was not his father — for, as has been said, this poor child was an orphan — it was not a little friend of his own age; still less was it a kind, hospitable hostess; for the orphan always slept at the first place he came to, the first lodging he met; most often under the beautiful stars. But listen to the low murmurs of the child, and you will know, my young readers, why the poor boy wept.

"My violin, my only friend!" said he, between each sob; "how could I have left thee? — abandoned thee alone in a hotel, open to every one, where the feet of the first fellow that passes by will crush thee, or perhaps, who knows, spurn

thee with contempt! O, my violin! my sweet violin! — the only being that answered me with love when I spoke to it; the only being that spoke to me with the voice of my mother; how shall I find thee when I return to Florence? For my violin was not a common violin; it was not, as old Barbarina said, who housed me for a while, 'a dead thing;' my violin was a friend, a companion, a comforter. The day I had eaten nothing, I knew how to draw strains from it which melted the hearts of all who passed by. If I was gay, its sounds became as gay as myself. While listening to my violin, every one might say to himself, the little Baptiste is hungry, or sorrowful; or, it has been a good day with the little Baptiste; or, the little Baptiste does not know where to sleep to-night. Alas! I know very well that, with the gold that his French excellency has given me, I could buy another violin, or two, perhaps three; but then the money does not belong to me. Besides, it would not be my violin, my own, the violin which was left me by my father; the violin so sweet, so gentle, so obedient to my hand, that the notes seemed to come out before the bow touched the strings. O, what will become of my violin? and in what state shall I find it when I return to Florence? Wretch that I am, to leave my violin, and run after this lord, to return him money for which, perhaps, he does not care! 'Tis true that is a piece of gold — how beautiful it is! — but my violin is worth it all. I would give all the gold in the world for it, to have it here this moment under my arm. O, no! it is all useless. I can no more get back my violin than I can my poor father or my

dear mother. And I know myself too well—I know that it is impossible—I shall never be able to play on a strange violin, no more than I could say ‘father,’ than I could say ‘mother,’ to a stranger. Ah! I have lost my violin! I have lost my all!”

In the midst of his grief and tears, Baptiste experienced a shock which threw him with violence to the ground, where he lay stunned by the fall.

“What is the matter? Are we overturned?” said the prince, in a sleepy tone.

“No, my lord; only the axletree broken,” replied the postilion; “but we are near a little village, and, if your grace will permit, I will untackle one of the horses, and ride at full gallop to rouse up a smith of my acquaintance, and who, I know, will deem it an honor to mend your grace’s carriage.”

“Go, then, without any more parley,” said the duke, impatiently.

During this colloquy, Baptiste had got up, and, having assured himself that he had no broken bones, he tried to find out where he was. This the darkness did not permit; but he consoled himself by the recollection that he would not have been wiser had it been noonday, as he had never been in this spot before. “No matter,” said he—ignorant how far horses could go in six hours—“no matter, we cannot be very far from Florence, and I can get back by myself. I think this is a good opportunity, while the carriage is obliged to stop, to return the prince his louis d’or. After that, I will go back to Florence, and try to find my violin, my poor violin. O that I may find it safe!”

Delighted with this determination, Baptiste walked boldly to the carriage door; but the grumbling voices which he heard on all sides took away his courage—the prince scolding his attendants for not having examined the carriage before setting out, the servants excusing themselves, and throwing the blame on each other.

Meanwhile lights appeared at a distance, and in a short time the servant arrived, bringing with him the smith and every thing necessary to remedy the accident.

They set to work immediately; and, as the hope of being soon again on their way had quieted them all, Baptiste a second time approached the prince, who was leaning out of the window.

“Your excellency,” he ventured to say, with a faltering voice, and was about to go on, when the duke of Guise, seeing, but not recognizing him, threw him a piece of money; crying to the attendants, “Send away that little beggar, and set off at once.” For by this time the carriage was repaired, and the postilion had already mounted his horse.

“Beggar!” cried Baptiste. “O no, I am not a beggar, and I will prove it to you,” said he, picking up the money and running after the carriage, which had just driven off.

Whilst running after the carriage, day, which was now breaking, permitted Baptiste to perceive an object which was fastened under the boot of the carriage. A hill having obliged the horses to slacken their pace, Baptiste approached near enough to distinguish a large open basket. At the same instant the carriage suddenly stopped, and Baptiste, looking into the basket, perceived a little dog

asleep. Suddenly an idea struck him, if he were to get into the dog's place, it would not only be more comfortable than the step, but, besides, he would not again run the risk of being taken for a beggar, and repulsed as such.

He was just going to put this project into execution, when, in the very act of taking out the little dog, he was touched with a feeling of pity for the poor animal, abandoned upon a lonesome road. Could he not share the place with the dog, without dispossessing him entirely? He now felt all the cruelty and injustice of his first intention. The basket was large and deep, and he was very slight, for his age, which circumstances aiding his humanity, he squeezed himself into as small a compass as he possibly could, and slipped in by the side of the dog, which, far from disliking the intrusion, joyfully greeted his new companion by licking his face and hands, as if to say, "Welcome, welcome! I was very lonely."

The motion of the carriage, which began again to roll rapidly forward, put an end to the protestations of friendship between the two inmates of the basket. "What a droll event!" said Baptiste, as the rays of the rising sun gave to his view the country around, which now lay in all its loveliness before his eyes. "I have followed this French lord, to return him his *louis d'or*, and to prevent him from forming a bad opinion of me on his arrival at Paris; and, after all, he gives me charity, and treats me like a beggar. Is it not too bad? Instead of removing an unfavorable impression, I have only increased it. How can I bear his highness to say, when he arrives in France, 'Little Baptiste, you may know him ea-

sily; a fair-haired little boy, who plays the violin for his subsistence, and who does not play badly, I assure you. Well, he is a little rogue, a blackguard, a thief, a rascal. Without intending it, I gave him a gold piece, which the little wretch was not satisfied with keeping, but followed me for more.' I could not bear to think that this French lord should say such dreadful things of me. But go on, horses; trot, trot; gallop away as fast as you can; you cannot go too fast for me, if I do but clear myself. I, Baptiste Lulli, a thief and a beggar! I will go all the way to Paris, if necessary, to prove the contrary to this lord."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Chinese Ingenuity.

THE Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. An officer in the navy tells me he observed one of these, who kept ducks for a living, practise an odd piece of ingenuity. In the day time the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the night time they were carefully collected. The keeper, when the night set in, gave a whistle, when the ducks always flew towards him with violent speed, so that they were invariably gathered in a minute. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the last duck.

WIT is most sharpened by intercourse with the world; judgment, by meditation.



*Scenery in Peru.*

## The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 158.]

### CHAPTER VIII.

As it is some time, since we have presented Chicama to our readers; we must remind them that he was left, at the close of the last chapter, upon the brow of a mountain, in a state of the greatest seeming peril. He had followed a mysterious being up the rocky rampart, which nature had reared nearly to the clouds, when his overwrought strength gave way, for a space, and he sank down in a swoon. We must take advantage of the pause, which this incident naturally affords, to recite a few circumstances which are necessary to elucidate our story.

Soon after the interview between our

hero and the unfortunate Huascar, the latter secretly sent messengers to Pizarro, who was now in his vicinity, craving his aid, and offering immense sums of gold and silver, if he would assist him in recovering his throne, and punishing the usurper, Atahualpa. The Spanish leader sent an embassy to the captive king, and made fair promises.

All these proceedings soon reached the ears of Atahualpa, who immediately despatched orders for the execution of his brother, Huascar. These were but too faithfully fulfilled. Attended by the retinue we have described, the latter was marching forth from the castle, when an unseen arrow sped from the bow; it pierced the heart of the king, who uttered

a scream, and fell lifeless to the earth. His death was deemed a judgment from Heaven, and most of his attendants fled in terror from the scene. A few, with pious devotion, remained. Among these was the white-haired chief, Orano, and Rema, the beautiful virgin of the sun. They carefully wiped the blood from the wound, and caused the lifeless body of the monarch to be embalmed. It was then placed on a litter, made of spicy trees, and was borne, on the shoulders of nobles, toward its resting-place.

During these mournful proceedings, the prisoner Chicama had been forgotten by all save one. But for her, he had perished in the gloom and solitude of his dungeon. No heart was more keenly pierced by the death of Huascar, than her own, for she was of the incarial line, and his near relative. Yet her soul was not so wholly absorbed, as to make her forget that the youthful Spaniard, whose life she had once saved, was in prison, and, but for some kindly assistance, must perish. When the funeral obsequies were prepared, and the procession had set forward under cover of the darkness, she proceeded to the castle and pushed away the stone that barred the door of the apartment where Chicama was confined. The rest will be easily guessed by the reader.

Our hero's illness was but momentary. But when his consciousness returned, the image which had guided his footsteps was gone. He followed the narrow pathway, however, as well as he could, and at last discovered about a hundred persons, proceeding with a measured tread, and at no great distance before him, up the mountain. He was soon able to ap-

proach them, and in a short time Orano came to meet him. The seer explained the scene, and Chicama then proceeded in silence. A low wail was heard to issue, at intervals, from the mourners; with the exception of this, every lip was dumb.

For several hours the procession moved onward, gradually ascending higher and higher up the mountain. At length they reached the brow of a cliff, which overhung a deep valley below. Here was a long range of sepulchres, partly natural and partly artificial, seeming like the street of a deserted city. On one side, the mountain rose like a mighty pyramid, its top being covered with perpetual snow. On the other, the vale we have mentioned yawned like an abyss, covered over by a veil of impenetrable mist.

By the side of one of the larger tombs the procession paused. The litter was placed on the earth, and the face of the deceased monarch was uncovered. One by one the attendants passed around the body, gazed upon the face, uttered a mournful sigh, and seated themselves on the ground. A profound silence was now observed by all. At last, the faint light of the dawn was seen kindling upon the top of the mountain. Orano arose, and pointed toward it. At this signal, every face was bowed to the earth. In this position the whole company remained, until the red sunlight was visible upon the snowy peak above. Orano uttered a shout, and all sprang to their feet. They then broke into a hymn, each joining in the chorus.

The sun at last arose, and its light fell upon the corpse. Orano lifted the head, and the rays lighted the uncovered face

of the monarch. Every eye was averted, save that of Orano, as if a scene so holy could not be witnessed except by the priest, whose vocation made him familiar with sacred things.

After a long pause the face of the corpse was again covered, and the body, after many ceremonies, was deposited in its final resting-place. This was a deep excavation in the rock, which formed the floor of a tomb, which was of such dimensions as to bear the aspect of a temple rather than a grave. The roof was formed of prodigious masses of rock, set upon pillars in front, and a close wall behind. The general appearance of the place was sad and gloomy; associated with an idea that giants alone could have reared such massy architecture. The open part of the tomb looked out upon the east, and the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the resting-place of the inca. Such was the elevation of the site that a sea of mountains and plains, bounded only by the sky, spread out on every side, save that which was occupied by the mountain peak already described.

Although Chicama had not been trained in the school of poetry or romance, yet the scene we have described stirred his heart with the deepest emotions. He became conscious of the fact that these people, whom his countrymen were treating as heathens, were not insensible to the beauty and sublimity of nature, and that religious emotions, scarcely less elevated than those which his own faith inculcated, were working in their bosoms. Above all, he felt that human sympathies and human affections were as familiar to them as to the boastful Spaniard. "Let the priest say what he may,"

said Chicama, internally, "these people are men!"

After the body of the chief was lowered into the tomb and arranged in a sitting posture, his sceptre was placed in his hand, his jewels on his fingers, and his crown upon his head. His best robe was carefully adjusted to his shoulders. His face was uncovered, and he now seemed like a monarch upon his throne. A last look was taken by his followers, and the grave was closed over him by huge masses of stone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Fraternat Affection.

**I**N the year 1585, the Portuguese ships or *caracs* sailed from Lisbon to Goa, then a flourishing colony of that nation, in the East Indies. On board of one of these vessels were no less than twelve hundred souls,—mariners, passengers, priests, and friars. The beginning of the voyage was prosperous; but not many days after, through the perverseness of the pilot, the ship struck on a rock, and instant death stared the crew in the face.

The captain ordered the pinnace to be launched; into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, he then leaped in himself, with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented any more from following them, lest the boat should sink. Thus scantily equipped, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens. At the end of four or five days the captain fell sick and died; and they

were obliged, in order to prevent confusion, to elect one of their company to command them. This person proposed to them to draw lots, and cast every fourth man overboard; their small stock of provisions being now so far spent as not to be sufficient to sustain life above three days longer.

To this they agreed; so that four were to die out of their unhappy number,—the captain, a friar, and a carpenter, being exempted by general consent. The lots being cast, three submitted to their fate, after they had confessed and received absolution. The fourth victim was a Portuguese gentleman, who had a younger brother in the boat. When he was about to be thrown overboard, the latter most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought permission to die in his room; enforcing his arguments by stating, “that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him for support; whereas he was single, and his life of no great importance:”—he therefore conjured his brother to allow him to suffer in his place, protesting that he would rather die than live without him.

The elder brother, astonished and melted with this generosity, replied, “that, since the divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, but especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged.” The younger, however, would take no denial, but, throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage him.

Thus they disputed awhile, the elder

bidding him be a father to his children, and recommending his wife and sisters to his protection; but all that he said could not make the younger desist. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other, and he suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who was accordingly cast into the sea. It is but right to add, that this devoted brother did not lose his life. Land being soon after descried, the crew made an effort to take him again on board, which was crowned with success; and in a few hours the whole party were landed in safety on the coast of Mozambique.

### The Butterfly.

THE butterfly, an idle thing,  
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,  
Like to the bee or bird;  
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,  
Lay up the grain for time of want,  
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;  
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay  
A store of learning by;  
And though from flower to flower I rove,  
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,  
Nor be a butterfly.

BOLESLAUS the Fourth, king of Poland, had a picture of his father, which he carried about his neck, set in a plate of gold; and when he was going to say or do any thing of importance, he took this pleasing monitor in his hand, and kissing it, used to say, “My dear father! may I do nothing unworthy of thy name!”





Dr. Johnson.

**L**ET not our readers laugh at this curious figure, for it is a picture of one of the greatest men that ever lived — Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of many famous books, especially a Dictionary which bears his name. Every child who speaks English owes him something, for he did a great deal to render it more elegant, and more useful, as a means of expressing our thoughts.

This extraordinary man was born at Lichfield, in England, September 18, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller, in humble circumstances, of strong and active mind, but deeply afflicted with constitutional melancholy. He was a man of some education and strict piety. His wife, Sarah Ford, was a woman of good natural sense, but extremely illiterate.

Johnson's wonderful memory appears to have displayed itself in early life. When he was a child in petticoats, and had but just learned to read, his mother, one morning, put the common prayer-book into his hand, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it; but, by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied, and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

There is an anecdote of his precocity, which is quite amusing. It is said that when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which he composed the following epitaph:

"Here lies good Master Duck,  
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;  
If it had lived, it had been good luck,  
For then we'd had an odd one."

There is, however, good reason to believe that this story is not well founded.

Young Johnson was much afflicted with the scrofula, or king's evil, which disfigured his face, and rendered his eyesight so imperfect that he could see with difficulty. In infancy he was almost blind, and as the notion then prevailed that the royal touch could remove this disease, his mother took him to London, in 1712, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. It is needless to add that it was of no avail.

Although Johnson was then but thirty months old, he was able, at an advanced age, to recollect the particulars of the journey to London, and his being in the presence of the queen. He remembered

her as "a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood." He said that his mother bought him a small silver cup and spoon, marked Sam. J. She bought him also a speckled linen frock, which he knew afterwards by the name of his London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate his wife sold, in the distressing poverty to which they were at one time reduced. The spoon was kept by Johnson till his death. His mother bought, at the same time, two teaspoons, and, until Johnson's manhood, she had no other. These particulars Johnson related from memory, when near seventy years of age.

He was first taught to read by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children, at Lichfield. When he was, some years afterwards, going to the University of Oxford, the good woman brought him a present of gingerbread, and told him he was the best scholar she ever had. His next instructor was Thomas Brown, who published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the Universe!

He began his studies in Latin at the Lichfield school, where he made great progress. He seemed to learn by intuition, and though naturally indolent, when he made an exertion it was with great effect. He soon acquired an authority over his companions which was singularly manifested. Though he was very fat and heavy, three of his friends used frequently to come to his house and carry him to school, one taking him on his back, and the others giving a lift at each leg. His memory at this period was so retentive that, on one occasion, his master having recited eighteen verses, Johnson immediately repeated them, without missing

a word, and only changing an epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions. One of his few amusements was to be drawn along upon the ice by a boy who was barefoot. His defective eyesight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports of youth. He was accustomed to saunter away many of his hours in the fields during vacation, frequently talking to himself. He was also addicted to the reading of romances, which he afterwards regretted, believing it to have given him an unsettled turn of mind.

At the age of fifteen, Johnson was removed to a school at Sturbridge, where he continued a little more than a year, and then returned home. Here he remained two years without any definite plan of life, but rambling over a vast extent of miscellaneous literature. It seems probable that he also paid some attention to his father's trade, for he was heard to remark, in after life, that he was able to bind a book.

We cannot go through with all the interesting details of Johnson's life, but refer our readers to Parley's Cabinet Library, where they will find a full account of him. We can only say that he went to college, kept a school, wrote poetry, married rather an old woman for a wife, came near starving for want of bread, &c. &c. He gradually rose to fame, and finally had a comfortable income. He was greatly famed, not only for his books, but for his curious and strange manners, his odd appearance, and his witty and instructive conversation. He died of paralysis, at London, December 13, 1784.

## Newfoundland Dog.

ONE of the magistrates in Harbor Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog, of the regular web-footed species peculiar to this island, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master, at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do; stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow.

If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go fetch your master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at the door of every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and, setting down his lantern, growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power, until it was opened. If his master was not there, he would proceed farther, in the same manner, until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.

## The Pheasant.

SEE! from the brake, the whirring pheasant  
springs,  
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.  
Short in his joy, he feels the fiery wound,  
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the  
ground.  
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,  
His purple crest, and scarlet-crested eyes,  
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
His painted wings, and breast that flames  
with gold!

POPE.



### "Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 155.]

#### CHAPTER XIII.

**W**E must now return to the history of Jacob Karl. We left him still pursuing the vocation of a sailor. He continued in the vessel in which he first entered until he had so far improved in strength and skill, as to be what is called an *able-bodied sailor*.

We should be glad to say that his character had improved in the same degree; but it must be confessed that the sorry

maxim, which had so long governed his actions, still lingered about him. There is no vice that clings so long and so obstinately to the soul as a narrow selfishness, particularly when it has become habitual through long indulgence. Our hero, unhappily, was the subject of such a vice; and though he had taken some steps towards bursting the chains which bound him, yet he was far from being delivered from his bondage.



His intercourse with Larry was beneficial, because it cherished a kindly sentiment of friendship in his mind, and kept alive his consciousness of at least one good and generous action; but the operation of this was limited, and did not, by any means, redeem his character. The state of his mind may be disclosed by a single circumstance.

The reader already knows that Jacob's greatest benefactor, Luther Munn, had generously given the youth twenty dollars—the whole amount of money which he possessed on earth. His youthful companion, Mabel Lane, had also mustered two dollars, and bestowed it upon him in an hour of the greatest extremity. Jacob did not wholly forget these circumstances. He had now acquired some money, and his sense of justice told him that he ought to repay these sums. It would have given him no inconvenience to do this, and nothing but his avarice prevented it. The obligation under which he lay haunted him; but he continued to resist the promptings of rectitude, until, at last, they faded from his mind, and his debt, if not forgotten, was disregarded.

It was about this time, that Jacob left the vessel in which he had hitherto sailed, and entered another at New York. In this he made several voyages to the north of Europe. After this, he went to China, and then made an expedition to the coast of Africa. He now returned to New York, and, being one night at a sailors' boarding-house, he met a young man whom he thought he had seen before. This person looked at him also, and with a keen and scrutinizing gaze. There was a scar upon his forehead, and the expression of his countenance was fierce and

brutal. It was evident that, as he looked upon Jacob, his mind was excited by some deep and bitter feeling.

Our hero passed on, carrying with him a strong impress of the stranger's countenance. Yet he was unable, at the moment, to tell why his appearance affected him so much. In some way he seemed to be associated with his early days. His residence at farmer Lane's came to mind; the form of Mabel Lane flitted before him; some of the incidents of his boyhood rose to remembrance; the burning of Granther Baldwin's barn flashed upon his mind; and the image of Dick Grater immediately presented itself. The clew was now found. This strange and sinister-looking person was no other than his former companion—his enemy, his accuser—who had caused his disgrace, his imprisonment, and his flight. It was certainly he; but how changed! The youth had become a man, and such a one as might have been anticipated. The evil-minded boy had grown up and become stamped with the fierce and wicked passions which belong to a thoroughly depraved character.

Jacob was on the point of turning back to look again at this personage, when he was rudely accosted by Grater himself, who had followed him into the street.

"So, Jacob Karl, it is you, is it?" said he; "you thought it better to turn sailor than to swing from a gallows, it seems."

"And it is you, Dick Grater, it seems. But, ill as the world may think of me at R., I would rather be what I am than what you are. I wish no words with you, and you will please me best by going your way, while I go mine." Saying this,

Jacob passed on, leaving Grater to digest this reply as he might.

A short time after this Jacob entered a large vessel, which was bound on a trading expedition to the north-west coast of America. In two days she sailed; and, greatly to Jacob's surprise, he soon discovered that Grater was among the sailors. He, however, did not speak to him, nor did Grater seem to recognize him. They treated each other as strangers, and not a word of recognition passed between them. Jacob could sometimes see a dark, lowering look bent upon him from beneath the glazed hat of the sailor, and he felt assured that he entertained for him a deadly hatred. He was, therefore, upon his guard, and sought as much as possible to avoid being in his vicinity.

With the crew, generally, Grater passed as a reckless, jovial fellow, and was rather a favorite with them. He sung a good song, told a good story, and boasted of his adventures on ship and shore. He had prodigious strength, and was usually the first in reefing a topsail, or handling a spar. His courage seemed the desperation of one who was indifferent to life, or who sought rather to expose it to needless peril. Jacob thought he could see in all this the restlessness of a man conscious of some fearful crime, or deadly purpose; and connecting this with the evident malignity he entertained toward himself, a kind of awe crept over him, as if he had been haunted by some being of supernatural powers.

Thus several weeks passed on, and the ship, at last, approached the region of Cape Horn. As she was doubling this promontory, she was beset by gales, and driven near the rocky shore. One dark

and tempestuous night, Jacob, with three other sailors, was ordered up to reef the maintopsail. The sea was running high, and the vessel was pitching in the most violent manner. The snow was falling, and the ropes and spars were slippery with the ice that clung to them.

The sailors, however, entered upon their duty with alacrity, and although the sheet flapped fiercely in the wind, they had already nearly performed their task. Jacob had his feet upon a line, with his body bent over a spar, and was busy at his work. Next to him was Grater, also occupied in securing the sail. But, suddenly bending toward Karl, he struck the feet of the latter from the line, and he fell. He caught the line with one hand, and with the energy of presence of mind belonging to his profession, strove to recover his position. But the violent motion of the vessel swung him hither and thither, and, after holding on for a few seconds, his grasp yielded, and he was precipitated into the waves below. Amid the roar of the wind and the darkness of the night, his fall was no more noticed than if a pebble had been cast into the sea.

When the reef was completed, Grater descended to the deck, saying nothing of Jacob's fate; and it was not till the next day that his absence was discovered. As no one pretended to know what had become of him, it was then concluded that he had fallen overboard; and no one doubted that he had perished forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.



### Belisarius.

**T**HIS great man was born in the country bordering on ancient Thrace, about five hundred years after the birth of Christ. When a young man, he became a soldier in the personal guard of Justinian, emperor of the Greek empire.

This empire then embraced nearly the same territory that the Turkish or Ottoman empire does now, Constantinople being the capital. It was at this period in a declining state, the people being effeminate and corrupt, and the army small in numbers, ill-disciplined, and destitute of patriotic union or spirit. Though the emperor held a throne which was considered as that of the Cæsars, it was still tottering, and in danger of falling into utter ruin.

Belisarius rose, by degrees, to high command in the army, and at length was deemed the ablest general of his time. He defeated the king of Persia in several campaigns, and then delivered his country from the assaults of its most formidable enemy. He next arrested a formidable insurrection in Constantinople, which cost the lives of thirty thousand persons. After this, he turned his arms against Gelimer, king of the Vandals, who had taken possession of Carthage and the adjacent country, in Africa.

The Roman and Vandal armies met, and the contest was long and bloody. But the former prevailed, and the Vandal king sought safety in flight. He collected another army, but this also was

defeated. He again fled, and, attended by a small body of faithful Moors, intrenched himself in a village, on the top of a rocky cliff.

Here he was besieged by an officer sent by Belisarius for the purpose; and though he could not be reached by the Roman soldiers, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, for want of food and water. But he bore his sorrows with fortitude, and would not have yielded, had not his heart been touched by the sufferings of those around him. One day he saw two children fighting for a piece of unbaked dough, and such was their starving condition that each strove for it, as if it were a case of life and death. The king was softened by this scene; he gave up his pride, and surrendered. He became a captive, but he was kindly treated by the conqueror.

After this Belisarius made war on Italy, and at last entered Rome in triumph. The emperor Justinian, who had a little soul, now became jealous of him, and recalled him to Constantinople. He was, however, restored to his command, and performed great achievements, in Asia, against the Persian armies. But he was traduced at court, and brought back to the capital in disgrace. Again he was restored, and again he was permitted to languish in neglect. In his old age, he saved Constantinople from pillage by a host of northern barbarians, which came against it like an avalanche; but, if history tells the truth, he was permitted to drag out his last days in poverty; and, being reduced to blindness, went about the streets begging his daily bread. Such is the story of a man whose achievements

were the chief glory of the reign of the emperor Justinian.

### Great Results from small Causes.

IT is a curious and interesting fact, that many celebrated men have, in early life, had their minds so roused, by what seemed trivial circumstances, as to give a direction to their whole career.

James Ferguson had his mind turned to mechanical contrivances in consequence of the roof of his father's cottage falling in, while he was a boy.

The eminent engineer John Rennie used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a threshing-machine was generally at work.

The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden.

Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine timepieces, by his residence in view of the sea.

James Tassie, the celebrated modeller and maker of paste gems, commenced life as a stone-mason, in Glasgow; and was first prompted to aspire to something beyond his humble occupation by having gone on a holiday to see the paintings in an academy for instruction in the fine arts.

George Edwards, the naturalist, and author of the splendid book entitled the



"History of Birds," was, in the first instance, apprenticed to a London merchant; but the accident of a bed-room being assigned to him, which contained a collection of books on natural history, left by a former lodger of his master, formed in him so strong an attachment to this study, that he resolved to give up commerce, and devote his life to science.

The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup which had been brought from Italy. He labored sixteen years at the attempt to discover the secret of making these cups, and arrived at the discovery after undergoing incredible toil,

and submitting to incredible privations. But Palissy was, in all respects, an extraordinary man.

In his moral character he displayed a high-mindedness not inferior to the vigor of his understanding. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favor, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but having been, soon after, shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced!" replied Palissy; "this is not to speak like a king. But they who force you cannot force me, — I can die!" He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastile in the ninetieth year of his age.



### The Owl.

**W**HILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,  
Through every mouldering crevice falls,  
And tips with white his powdery plume  
As shade or shifts the changing gloom,  
The *Owl*, that, watching in the barn,  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,

Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.

BUTLER.



Cicero.

**M**ARCUS TULLIUS CICERO was born at the city of Apulia, in the territory of what is now the kingdom of Naples, on the 3d of January, 107 B. C. His father was a man of wealth, and he gave his son the best education in his power.

The latter early displayed proofs of genius, and profited by all the advantages he enjoyed. At the age of sixteen, according to the custom of Rome, where his parents resided, he was solemnly introduced into the *Forum*, or great square of the city, where the people assembled, and where they were addressed by the magis-

trates. He was attended by his friends on this great occasion, and divine services were performed, in his behalf, in the capitol.

He was now placed under the care of a famous lawyer, and here he pursued the study of the law with great industry. He became desirous of being an orator, and deeming that, as such, every species of knowledge would be useful to him, he extended his study and observation to every branch of science and art. According to the custom of his time, he served in the army, taking care to investigate and understand every thing he saw. He kept

himself, as much as possible, near the general, to gain information of what was going on, as well as to study the art of war, from the conduct of one skilled in all its branches.

Cicero spent a great deal of time in practising the art of speaking. He not only took lessons of the best masters, but, when by himself, he repeated over and over again their instructions. He wrote compositions, and polished them with the utmost care. He read the best and most elegant authors, and spent much time in the society of refined persons. He especially cultivated conversation with highly-educated females, and those who were renowned for the purity and elegance of their speech.

Thus carefully trained, it is not wonderful that Cicero rose to a great pitch of fame. He was not only the greatest orator of his time, but his works, after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, are still the admiration of mankind. He held various important offices, and performed many patriotic acts. He had some weaknesses, it is true. He was vain of his accomplishments, and, once being excited, showed a pitiable degree of uneasiness and despondence. Yet, on the whole, he possessed a splendid intellect and a noble heart.

The time in which he lived was one of trouble and agitation. The struggle between Cæsar and Pompey shook the civilized world, and hurled the liberties of Rome into ruins. When Augustus Cæsar obtained the mastery, Cicero was among the proscribed. He attempted to escape, but was overtaken and slain in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

## Sir Philip Sydney.

**A**T the battle near Zutphen, this great man displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the flagon from his lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

## Strange Place for a Wren's Nest.

**I**N the month of June, a mower, in England, hung up his coat under a shed near a barn; two or three days elapsed before he had occasion to put it on again; when, thrusting his arm into the sleeve, he found it, as he said, completely filled with rubbish. On extracting the whole mass, it proved to be the nest of a wren, completely finished and lined with a large quantity of feathers. In his retreat, he was followed by the little forlorn proprietors, who scolded him with vehemence for thus ruining the whole economy of their household affairs.

## To Correspondents.

As I am now travelling about in Europe, it is not convenient for me to receive and answer the epistles of my kind friends, who have hitherto sent me their letters. I am sorry for this, because it gave me pleasure to keep up an intercourse with my young readers, which seemed almost like talking with them. But it can't be helped; and so I suppose I must make the best of it.

I am now at Paris, which is a great city, as large as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and Buffalo, all put together. There

are many pleasant things to see here, and I should try to give an account of them, if my magazine were big enough. But to describe Paris would require many volumes; and even to describe what I see here in a single day, would fill half a dozen pages of the Museum.

It is my purpose, however, to give my readers some sketches of what I see in Paris, and other places, during my travels; and in the next number my readers may expect to see something of this kind.

R. M.

## Little Bird! Little Bird!

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM. THE WORDS BY MRS. CHILD.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: the upper staff is for the right hand and the lower for the left hand. The melody is in the right hand. The lyrics are: "Lit-tle bird! lit-tle bird! come to me; Here is a green cage hung on the tree;". The second system also has two staves. The melody continues in the right hand. The lyrics are: "Beauty-bright flow-ers I'll bring to you, And fresh ripe cherries all wet with dew.".

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care;  
But I dearly love the free, broad air;  
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree  
Is better than golden cage for me."

"Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,  
When the fields are all buried in snow?  
The ice will cover your old oak-tree;  
You had better come and stay with me."

"Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly,  
To greener fields and a warmer sky.

When spring returns with pattering rain,  
You will hear my merry song again."

"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee  
Over the hills and over the sea?  
Foolish one, come in the house to stay,  
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me  
Over the hills and over the sea.  
I will be free as the rushing air,  
Chasing the sunlight every where."